Canary-Birds Naturaliz'd 4

IN

UTOPIA:

A CANTO.

Dulce eſt paternum ſolum.

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To the Free-born Reader.

WHoever hath already read, or will yet giv himſelf the Trouble of reading Sir *Thom More's Utopia*, may at once eaſily underſtand both th Motive to the Writing of this *Canto*, and the Meanin or Drift of what is written, in Imitation of ſo Great Man, at this Juncture of Affairs.

The main Burden of his Book indeed ſeems to be fo taking away all *Property*, and levelling or laying Thing in *common*, upon an imeginary Regulation of *Govern ment*: But our *Birds* here ſing of another Eſtabliſhmen in *Utopia*, as ſtrange and wonderful; which has ſome thing more of Reality in it, than mere Fancy, Fiction or Romance.

He has not told us in what Part of the World his *U topia* was ſituated; but we need not go to the *Antipodes* to find whereabouts, and in what Latitude *ours* lies, tho not to be found in the Map; not far from the *Streights* Mouth, we may imagine, or between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*.

'Tis natural both for Man and Beaſt to love his own native Country beſt. Ought not I to prefer my old Acquaintance, my old Friends, or even my old Shoes (that King *James* the Iſt ſaid were eaſieſt for his Feet) before Strangers, Sharpers, and Intruders; Hoghen Moghens, *Hugonots*, and Wooden Shoe-makers? In Word, can any one of Senſe and Reaſon, be ſo barba rous to his own Bowels, as to undervalue, undermine and undo his natural-fellow-free-born Subjects, for any interloping *Canary-Birds*, or naturaliz'd Foreigners? I ſo, the wiſe *Utopians* then muſt degenerate.

However, this is a Kind of Doggrel Poem; and ye I do not rival the inimitable *Hudibras*: But I hope it may paſs for Burleſque, Traveſty, or jingling Rhime at leaſt, among our native People. And ſo fare it well Good Night *Country-men*.

The

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II. *Whether* Canary-Birds *ought to naturaliz'd there?*

III. *The* Robin, *the* Sparrow, *the* Linnet, *the* Lark, *and the* Nightingale, *make Speeches againſt it; but a great* Cat *had like to hawe ſpoil'd all.*

IV. *The* Turtle Dove *went a little too far in the Matter; but a noble anonymous Bird brought him off from having his Feathers pluck'd.*

V. *Several Country-Birds, and all the City Birds, oppos'd the Naturalization of thoſe* Canaries.

VI. *Debates aroſe; upon which, the* Bullfinch *made a long Harrangue in Commendation of* Canary Birds; *but ſome Crows were offended at it. However, the* Magpies (*moſt of 'em*) *were for paſſing the Bill, though the* Jackdaws *diſlik'd the Proceeding.*

VII. *The* Buſtards *laid the Law to 'em, how neceſſary it was to naturalize thoſe* Canaries; *but the* Partridges *ſprung preſently, and would not hear on't.*

VIII. *All the* wild Fowl *were* for *'em; but the* Inland Birds *proteſteſt* againſt *it. However, being mightily over-power'd by Numbers, they gave up the Cauſe.*

IX. *The* Redſtarts, Water-wagtails, *and* Solan Geeſe, *all favour'd the* Canary-Birds; *and ſo they gain'd their Point at laſt, by being made as* free *as the Air in* Utopia.

X. *The* Eagle *then put an End to all Diſputes for Peace Sake, and ſatisfy'd her loving Subjects, that ſhe was adviſ'd to't for the beſt; as a Thing that would be the making of their* native Country.

XI. *The Conſequence.*

CANARY-BIRDS

Naturaliz'd.

IN our unhappy Days of *Yore*,
When foreign *Birds*, from *German* Shore,
Came flocking to *Utopia*'s Coaſt,
And o'er the Country rul'd the Roaſt;
Of our good People, did two Thirds
So much admire *Canary-Birds*,
For outward Show, or finer Feathers,
Far more regarded than all others.
We bought 'em dear, and fed 'em well,
'Till they began for to rebel.
Unſatisfy'd, they did reſort,
For greater Liberty, to Court,
And equal Priviſlege would claim,
Or with the Natives much the ſame;
As if no Birth-right had been given
To our own *Birds* from unkind Heaven.
A loud *Canary* then did ſing,
And make a Noiſe like any King,
Or ſome uſurping vainer Thing;
And ſtill the Burden of its Song,
Was, to be *Nat'ral'd*, right or wrong.
The reſt, at this, ſet up their Throats
As ſhrill with *Nat'ralizing* Notes.
So num'rous were their fond Allies,
They pierc'd the high and mighty Skies,
'Till with the Force of ecchoing Bill,
They did our feather'd Nation fill.

Here they grew fat, and liv'd at Eaſe,
And bigger look'd than *Refugees*;
Kindly protected from the Stroke
Of ſwift perſuing *Gallick* Hawk.
Them we ſo well did entertain,
They would not chooſe go Home again,
But now at laſt ſo ſawcy grew,
That to aſpiring Heights they flew:
They muſt be topping Maſters made,
And, as our free-born Subjects, trade.
On this Account, *aſſembl'd* were
The native *Birds* of all the Air;
And having laid their Heads together,
Adviſing and debating, whether
Thoſe bold *Canary-Birds* ſhould ſtay,
And nat'ralized be this Day
Through all diſturb'd *Utopia*.
Some common *Birds*, of lower Rank,
And far leſs pow'rful than the *Bank*,
Both Men and Money ſtill ingroſſing,
Or all our pop'lar Welfare croſſing,
Twixt Hawk and Buzzard wound'ring ſtood
How this could be a publick Good!
Then honeſt *Robin* Silence brake,
And to the Matter boldly ſpake;
Is not our Property ſo dear,
That we theſe Foreigners may fear?
Or ſhall ſuch Interlopers come,
And turn me out of Houſe and Home?
Beſides, they're not of our Religion,
No more than any *Holland* Widgeon.
They never go to Church, as I,
Anthems to hear or ſing; for why?
They hate our decent Liturgy.
We ſhall be reckon'd very fickle,
Thus to encreaſe the Conventicle;
Where there are no harmonious Lays,
Tranſported with our Maker's Praiſe.

So loyal *Red-breaſt* did conclude
Their deep Deſign was nothing good;
Not Peace, Diviſion underſtood.
The chirping *Sparrow* next began;
'Theſe proud Intruders ſure ne'er can
'Expect ſo great a Liberty,
'To live as nat'ral Subjects, free!
'This Condſcenſion is too much
'To gratify or *French* or *Dutch*;
'For ſuch *Canary-Birds*, my Fear's,
'Will ſet's together by the Ears,
'Or in our Nation breed ill Blood
'Againſt the People's gen'ral Good.
'Perhaps in Time they'll take, forſooth,
'The Bread out of our Natives Mouth.
'So long as I am *Major Dome*,
'Char'ty ſhall ſtill begin at Home.
'To nat'ralize 'em, is a Jeſt;
'Let's not defile our own dear Neſt,
'And ſo become worſe *Birds* than they,
'That would us to their Lure betray.
The charming *Linnet* then beſought
His Brother *Birds* to weigh this Thought.
He wiſely ſaid, and ſweetly ſung,
And with a pop'lar Air it rung:
'Whether they could believe it Reaſon,
'To nat'ralize them at this Seaſon,
'When our own Traders hardly live,
'And ſcarce induſtrious Workers thrive?
'For tho' they ſing a merry Note,
'They are perhaps not worth a Groat.
'And why ſhould we *infranchiſe* thoſe
'That Strangers come, and whence God knows?
'Or give ſuch Rights to foreign Breaſts,
''Till we have feather'd our own Neſts?
'They'll underlive and ſell us too,
'And thus the native Poor undo,
'Or bring us to their Wooden Shoe.

So that in naked Truth, I fear,
They'll do our Trade no Kindneſs here;
Or elſe perhaps they'll make our State,
That's noble now, degenerate,
And mixing their ungen'rous Blood,
Like *Cucko's*, bring a ſpurious Brood;
As luſty *Danes* did heretofore,
And moſt of Women red Heads bore.
So thus 'tis ſure Years hundred hence,
We ſhall be all converted *French*.
The ſoaring *Lark* now pouring down,
Came in the Nick of Time to Town;
As if from lofty Heaven ſent,
The Country's Grievance to preſent,
Among *Birds* met to this *Intent*;
Againſt *Canaries* of all Colours,
As well their Fautors; as their Follow'rs;
And, Angel like, in ſeeteſt Strain,
He did our nat'ral Rights maintain:
"Shall thoſe Exoticks then, with me,
"Have equal Pow'r and Liberty?
"Or traverſe o'er our pleaſant Fields,
"And taſte what Crop of Corn each yields?
"Or living here in greateſt Plenty,
"Ingroſs from you the Fruits *God* ſent ye?
"Now with Delight I ſoar and ſing,
"To chear the Husband-man in Spring;
"So I promote my Country's Good,
"In helping on our daily Food.
"But theſe *Canaries*, who can ſhow
"Diverting here the weary'd Plough?
"Or hov'ring o'er the lab'ring Plain,
"For to refreſh the ſweaty Swain?
"Such lazy *Birds* will take no Pains,
"And yet expect our growing Gains.
"They'll neither graze, nor plough, nor ſow,
"To Drudg'ry leave, nor drive, nor draw.

‘ And ſhall they this Advantage reap,
‘ As free-born *Larks* ſecurely ſleep,
‘ Or take ſtill from another's Heap?
‘ You know, *Sirs*, all *Utopia*'s Land
‘ Requires a cultivating Hand:
‘ And will theſe Foreigners be found
‘ To till your waſte and barren Ground?
‘ No; from your Tillage they'll be free,
‘ And thrive in better Company;
‘ In good Mechanicks their Trades follow,
‘ And let your fruitful Fields lie fallow.
‘ By Husbandry, and ſuch hard Fates,
‘ They do not love to get Eſtates:
‘ For who would purchaſe any Land
‘ He cannot on all Turns command?
‘ But *Money* is the ſafeſt Store,
‘ Ready as Wind to waft it o'er
‘ To dogger Banks, or *Gallick* Shore;
‘ And *Joſeph* Money muſt provide,
‘ As Corn for his own Country's Side.

To greater Length the *Lark* had drill'd,
But now with Noiſe Convention fill'd;
Some *Country-Birds* did ſo admire
The Motion made, were ſet on Fire,
To burn *Canary-Birds* Petition,
Or ſacrifice them to Deriſion,
And with their Bill to walk about
The Streets of our deſpiſing Rout,
With Bell recanting, or a Rope
Around their Necks through all *Utope*.
To that Degree the Paſſion wrought,
In Heat of Blood, at leaſt I thought,
They would have turn'd 'em out of Doors,
For baſe intruding Sons of Whores.

The peerleſs *Nightingale* mov'd next,
With melancholy Cares perplext:
‘ You know the ſweeter far I ſing,
‘ The more the † Have-thorn does me ſting; † *Holly.*

And

And lifting up her languid Eyes,
Her warbling Plaints ſent to the Skies.
'What! theſe *Canaries* nat'ralize?
'Let me for ever droop and die,
'If I can ſee the Reaſon why!
'If you ſhould e'er invaded be
'By *Belgick* Force or Tyranny;
'Or if the *Gallick* Stork ſhould come,
'And for his Footing here find Room;
'Will not theſe *Birds* of the ſame Feather,
'Still flock and rendezvous together?
'If they on you ſhould thus turn Tails;
'And ſuch Things Treach'ry never fails;
'For is not Peoples nar'ral Temper,
'In all Rebellions *idem ſemper?*
'They would the native *Birds* betray,
'And make 'em to the *Gauls* a Prey,
'By cunning Snares, and falſer Calls;
'Our Life then to Deſtruction falls.
'For Fowlers, when they've caught one *Bird*
'Or two, their Nets are never ſtirr'd;
'They'll eaſily decoy a third.
'Perhaps they may, upon Occaſion,
'Help on the Hawk's deſign'd Invaſion;
'Or will aſſiſt him, underhand,
'For to enſlave this eaſy Land.
'With Caution then let's give our *Votes*,
'Gainſt cutting our own Subjects Throaths.
At this, an over-grown great *Puſs*,
That either preys on *Bird* or *Mouſe*,
To whoſe Chaps greedy falls ſo pat,
Dutch Sooterkin and *Engliſh* Rat;
A Boar one, monſt'rous as prevails,
With two huge Heads, and nine long Tails;
Peeping among the *Birds* appear'd,
Had like the feather'd Senate ſcar'd.
To ſpoil their Singing he reſolv'd,
Or have their Meeting quite diſſolv'd;

But ſpy'd ſtreight by a *Britiſh* Cur,
He made the Cat-a-Mountain ſcour;
And ſo the fearleſs *Birds* proceed,
To finiſh that Affair in Deed.
Then murm'ring, ſaid the *Turtle-Dove*,
That does his native Country love,
' How long ſhall I in Woods bemoan
' My deareſt loving Mates are gone?
' And muſt I lead a widow'd Life,
' Or marry a *Canary*-Wife?
' How ſhould I e'er in Conſcience pair
' With ſuch ſchiſmatick *Birds* as they're,
' In ſec'lar Dealing, or in Pray'r?
' How can we rightly nat'ral thoſe,
' But fooliſhly give up our Laws,
' Our Lives and Liberties endanger,
' At Mercy of each unknown Stranger?
' For who in common Senſe can think,
' That *Monſiour*'s Jean, or *Myn Heer*'s Blink,
' Will ever to us prove ſo civil,
' As hold the Candle to the Devil?
' Unlike *Canaries* grateful be,
' For all our high-flown Charity?
' No, ſure they'll ne'er oblige us long,
' But ſing us quite a diff'rent Song;
' For neither this, nor by-paſt Age,
' E'er knew 'em faithful out of Cage:
' So ſet 'em up, and make 'em free,
' They'll ſoon enrich themſelves, you'ell ſee;
' By your own *Act* impov'riſh others,
' And make the free-born curſe their Mothers.
' Then thank your ſelves for what Diſaſters
' May happen, when you've made 'em Maſters!
' All human Reaſon this decrys,
' The bringing up with nat'ral Ties
' Such *Birds* to pick out our own Eyes,
' When ye have laid your *Birth-Rights* common,
' Of Foreigners excepted no Man;

' Or

Or ſold your Trades, your Fields and Forage,
Old *Eſau* like, for Meſs of Porridge;
For *Fanfarons* or ſuch ſlight Things,
Trifles, as ancient Story ſings;
Then thoſe *Canaries* will o'er-run
Your Country quite, and ye're undone;
From ſev'ral Parts they'll interlope,
Except the Devil and the Pope,
To puniſh poor oppreſs'd *Utope*.
'They'll grow here plenty as Cucumbers,
'Or Locuſts in prodigious Numbers,
'Like Shoals of Herrings, or like Swarms
'Of Flies, foreboding fatal Harms;
'So that if I ſhould give Advice
'Theſe Birds in Flocks to nat'ralize,
'In mournful Numbers might I coo,
'And thus my willing Ruin woo.
The harmleſs *Dove* ſaid little more,
But all the Houſe was in Uproar,
And to the Tow'r had like to've gone,
By th' major Part of forty one.
But being brought up to the Bar,
Himſelf more plainly to declare,
Another fierce like furious *Dracon*,
Boldly ſtood up, and ſav'd his Bacon.
The liſt'ning Flocks now all were mute,
To hear how charming he'd diſpute
'Gainſt nat'r'ling *Birds* of bad Repute.
A lordly *Bird* of noble Fame,
(But I've forgot his well-known Name)
An honeſt Native, and no Minion,
In lofty Notes gave his Opinion,
Againſt endang'ring our Dominion,
By making Foreiguers as free
As any nat'ral Subjects be:
'If I leave have to give my Sentence,
''Twill bring us to a ſwift Repentance.
'Whence did theſe Hedge-*Birds* hither come,
'Bold to contrive *Utopia*'s Doom?

'If

'If not content with their Condition,
'Which here they've had with long Permiſſion,
'Protected kindly, and encourag'd,
'In all their Handy-crafts that flouriſh'd,
'Home let 'em go again in Peace,
'Hunger enjoy, and their dear Eaſe,
'Among their Vineyards, Herbs, and Roots,
'Themſelves ſolace with empty Guts;
'With Soups beloved chuſe to ſtarve,
'And not here at own Pleaſure carve;
'So take freſh Air about *Montpellier*,
'Till we *Utopians* may grow ſillier;
'Or live here ſtill in *Statu quo*,
'And ſerve our Country as they do,
'Free from the perſecuting Hand,
'Or mortal Graſp of *Lewis Grand*,
'*Canaries* with his low Bells catching,
'In their warm Neſts ſome Miſchief hatching;
'Free from Inſults of his Dragooning,
'But not above our juſt Lampooning,
'For their Religious good rebelling,
'Or flying out a Colonelling,
'To ſave their Church from Popiſh Fear,
'And make their Chriſt turn Cavalier.
'Now let 'em take their freeſt Choice,
'And that determines my laſt Voice.
'But we're not ſure ſuch blinded *Owls*
'To nat'ralize uſurping Tools,
'And look our ſelves like nat'ral Fools.

Others there were that held it Tack,
And thus their Arguments did back:
They tightly ſtood againſt the bringing
A foreign Bill to ſpoil their Singing.
'When free-born Subjects are mad Slaves
'To cunning *Rooks*, *Canary* Knaves;
'To *Camiſars* our Country given,
'We're fit to fly away to Heaven;
'Or build our Hopes in kinder Skies,
'Than thoſe our Neſts do ſacrifice.

'Theſe

Theſe are, we think, ſuch dang'rous Flights;
'Gainſt all our nat'ral civil Rights,
As will our common Trades betray
To baſe expecting Birds of Prey.
This would be making *Magna Charta*
An uſeleſs Jeſt of *Magna Fart-a.*
Where's *Daniel Foe*, that grand *Canary*,
With's vaunted Property, to ſcare ye
From giving now away your Goods,
Your Liberties and Livelyhoods,
Your daily Bread, and eke your Butter?
'Twould make a *Briton* bold to ſplutter!
Lately it was his dear Opinion,
That Property was 'fore Dominion;
A ſacred Thing no Pow'r could alter,
And Kings that did, deſerv'd a Halter.
But now the contradictious Rover
Is turn'd *Canary-Bird* all-over;
And what was proper then to do,
Is not in Politicks ſo now;
For Unity, if you'd ſecure,
You muſt Community endure;
Like *Plato*'s hotch-potch Common-wealth,
As Beggars live by looſer Stealth.
To Foreigners ye ought be civil,
With native Subjects on a Level,
Let 'em in Triumph o'er ye revel;
And ſtill believe this Myſtery,
The more y'are bound, the more y'are free.
Thus *Dan* with Shams did but deceive ye,
And now like Fools in Lurch he'll leave ye,
The *City-Birds* all with one Voice,
To hear a vaſt unnat'ral Noiſe,
Amaz'd, began to look about 'em,
Canaries ſcorn'd, and ſore did flout 'em:
'We do not uſe in common Barter
To part ſo eaſily with our *Carter.*

'Our

'Our *Franchiſes*, we hope, are ſafe
'From foreign Beaſt, that ſtrays as *Waif*,
'From wild Boars *French*, or *Hoghen Ralph*,
'Or *Bird* intruding on our City,
'To ſing his nat'ralized Ditty;
'Free from Encroachments, they would fain,
'By hook or Crook, with Fraud obtain.
'To ſee ſuch *Aliens* thus aſpire,
'Would ſet *Utopia* all on Fire,
'And our Great Monument raiſe high'r.
'If we encourage thoſe *Canaries*,
'In our own Wrong turn Voluntaries,
'The wond'ring *Drago* we ſhall wake,
'And *Hopper-Graſs* on *Change* may ſhake.
'In time we may repent at Leiſure,
'In *Forgland* ſeek for hidden Threaſure;
'To pull our Feathers they'll be able,
'Or make us bare as *Bird* in Fable:
'Nor proper is this preſent Seaſon
'To each diſcerning Son of Reaſon;
'Nor is it good for Houſe or Steeple,
'Thus to diſturb a wanting People.
Now there aroſe a mighty Buſtle,
And diff'rent Members ſeem'd to juſtle,
Twixt Negs and Affs, or Yea's and No's,
Some free-born Friends, ſome free-born Foes.
Each Party their Diviſions ſung,
With Noiſe the feather'd Senate rung;
'Till ſome *diſſenting Birds* did flutter
With hot Debates, and made a Sputter
For thoſe Intruders nat'ral Freedom,
As if it was by Fate decreed 'em;
And all now join'd *Confederates*,
Thus to oblige ſome foreign States.
The *Bullfinch* firſt was *Frenchify'd*,
And on the pert *Canaries* Side;
'Twas urg'd ſtreightway they came from far,
For Refuge here in Peace, not War:

'They're

They're charming Creatures, each a Saint is;
Dear-bought, far-fetch'd, they bring us Dainties;
Beſt pleaſe the Lady's flaunting Air;
Nought can but *French* oblige the Fair:
And ſhall our Wives want finer Dreſſes,
Than Country Girls, or common *Beſſes*?
Our native *Birds* in Song are duller,
And foreign Harmony is fuller,
To pleaſe her Ear, and with Charms rape her,
To make Sir *Tawdry-Fopling* caper.
Nought of our own beſt Clowniſh Make,
With flutt'ring Beaux will ever take,
Nor Ribbons, Gloves, nor Wigs of Faſhion,
Nor poliſh'd Gems t'adorn our Nation,
Nor ſlender Shoes to dance *Courant*,
Nor ſweet Perfumes, nor falſeſt Paint
Nor yet ſilk Stockings, ſo genteel.
To ſhew the Calf above the Heel.
Our own Meckanicks Work is clumſy,
And tight as Drum, to Shape ne'er hums ye;
To Body gives no graceful Figure,
Nor makes its Majeſty look bigger.
Natives do nought that's a-la-mode,
That charming airy looks Abroad;
Nor to Perfection pleaſe the Gentry.
Nor have they don't ne'er half a Centry.
Our Youths ſo pretty, gay, and fickle,
They can't, *Begar*, their Fancies tickle;
Commodes and Kickſhaws t'our Vagary,
Are ſuited beſt by *Birds Canary*.
Beſides, their Language we admire,
From Court-Fop, to the Country 'Squire;
And Mother-Tongue, young Sparks don't fancy
So ſweet, ſo *Belle*, ſo fine as *Franc-e*.
How complaiſant are their Addreſſes
To Lady Great, or Lord's Careſſes,
Who their ſad Grievances redreſſes?

'So

'So gay their Mein, and court'ous 'Haviour
'To mortal Man, as well as Saviour.
'On us they fawn like grateful Spaniel,
'And far more cringe than *de Foe Daniel.*
'We take 'em for the civ'leſt Fellows,
'That e'er the Groans eſcap'd of Gallows;
'So that in Fam'lies it is fitting
'We ſhould ſuch rare *Birds* be admitting,
'As free-born Subjects, to Great Houſes,
'And recommend 'em to our Spouſes;
'To gratify their luſhious Palates,
'To cook their Victuals, pick their Salats,
'Or make 'em wanton Chamber-Valets;
'With niceſt Dreſs, and rich *Ragou*,
'To pleaſe their Out and Inſides too;
'For butlers, Foot-men, Tutors fit
'To teach our nat'ral Children Wit,
'Or at their *Levees* how to prattle,
'And bold as *Gaſcoigns* Jargon-Rattle;
'Or ſhew our Servants better Breeding,
'To let their Properties lie bleeding;
'Anr not repine with ſour Grimaces,
'When for the *French* they loſe their Places;
'Nor ſing of *Liberty* Trangdillo's,
'But hang their ſilent Haps on Willows.
'Theſe wiſer *Birds*, in teaching School,
'Make little Maſter pretty'ſt Fool——!
'How learn'dy ignorant; you'd wonder,
'They do with Air inſpire his Under-
'Standing, and make him talk like Parrot
'*Potato* calling, or for *Carrot*.
'He can ſo jabber ev'ry Word,
'And *Latin* knows e'en for a T——rd?
'But then for Manners, and his Carriage,
'You'd think the Boy was fit for Marriage.
'He dances well, or bravely fences,
'And *French* learns more than all Sciences.

In ſhort, do what we Free-born can,
They breed the fineſt Gentleman.
What need our *Ox-Cam*-Academies?
Their Boarding far a better Gem is.
Now as for Trades they will improve 'em;
Of all Mankind, ye ought to love 'em,
Let them as Maſter Workmen live,
And to their Arts Precedence give;
Then to inferior Labours turn ye,
Let poorer Natives but work Journey,
Or to theſe Refugees abandon
Your Shops and Tools, or Ground you ſtand on.
At this ſome *Crows* were much offended,
Did plead to have the Buſineſs mended:
Let no raſh Reſolution taken,
Our Country-folks with Anger waken;
Nor prejudice our tender Young,
Scarce fledg'd till out of Neſts they're flung.
Let's well deliberate what we do,
Poſterity the *Fact* mayn't rue.
With that ſome *Magpies* 'gan to chatter,
As well appriz'd of this great Matter:
Old Story tells they love all Rangers,
And with their Clack do welcome Strangers.
Hark ye, conſider theſe *Canaries*
Are great and good Religionaries;
They ought ſome Sanctuary find
In new *Utopia*'s gen'rous Mind,
Can we tranſgreſs th' unſtinted Limits
Of Chriſtian Love, that moſt Sins remits?
Tho' we're by diff'rent Seas ſurrounded,
Our Charity is not ſo bounded;
O'er the vaſt ſurface of the Globe,
We muſt relieve the poor as *Job*;
Receive them for ſound Faith diſtreſſed,
If we'd be reckon'd among the Bleſſed.
Juſtice we have, and ſo good ground *Sirs*,
To Naturalize theſe ſuffering *Monſieurs*,

Baniſh'd

' Baniſh'd from Native Country flying,
' And hither come for Refuge crying,
' Becauſe by Arbitrary Birch,
' They'd not be flogg'd to Popiſh Church.
Among the reſt a famous *Mag*
His loudeſt double Tongue let wag:
' By ſwarthy Looks ye may diſcover
' Theſe *Birds* are *Proteſtants* all over;
' So true, ſo harmleſs in Religion,
' As any pious free-born *Pigeon*;
' A ſpotleſs Tribe in holier Strain,
' Of Godlineſs they make no Gain:
' True Blue (you know) will never ſtain.
' Our mottl'd Church, on juſt Occaſion,
' They'll ſerve 'twixt high and low damnation;
' So civil keep our ſtabliſh'd Union,
' Conform to this and that Communion:
' From ſuch *Trim Birds*, obliging Strangers,
' Our Neſtlings need not fear great Dangers;
' The more the merrier; for our Work is,
' To love *Jews*, *Infidels*, and *Turkeys*.
The *Jackdaws* yet were not o'er aw'd,
But for their Chriſtian Rights ſtill kaw'd,
On Property they mov'd their Wings,
Which to a Point the Conſcience brings:
' How long have we in Peace poſſeſt,
' On Pinacles of Temple bleſt!
' And will ye now diſturb our Reſt?
' Who can ſuch Doings tolerate,
' Confound *Utopia*'s ſacred State,
' And mix thoſe Hypocrites in Flocks,
' Diſſenters with our Otherdox?
' Not one in ten of them's reformed,
' As we our Rites deſire performed,
' But of Religion make a Trade,
And *Romiſh* are in Maſquerade.
' Can we ſuch Snakes in Graſs admit,
' And not expect our Boſoms bit?

' Un-

Under the faireſt Flow'r in Shade,
Behold a ſtinging Serpent laid.
This would be fatal Birdlime making
For our own nat'ral Bodies taking;
So rather let ſuch falſe *Canaries*,
Keep to their formet Aviaries.
Great *Buſtards* then mov'd ſlow and ſure,
Theſe Heart-burns did propoſe to cure;
With *Salvo's* brave they made long Speeches,
To ſtop our Mouths, and heal our Breaches:
Canaries are induſtrious People,
We ought not them again back repel,
But make them all here freeſt *Denizons*,
With our own Birth-rights juſter Beniſons.
Th' Improvement of our Manufactures,
Muſt needs of Law allow ſuch Fractures;
Of State there is a vaſt *Neceſſe*,
To make them Nat'ral Subjects bleſs ye
With better Faſhions and Fallals,
Than feather'd Muffs t' adorn our Malls.
They'll make *Utopia's* Land grow richer,
Or with *French* Charms to Wealth bewitch her,
Already here Eſtates they've gotten,
And here ſhall ſpend 'em till they're rotten:
But then in beſt Communities,
They muſt enjoy Immunities;
For who'd among you Traders live,
And not as freely take as give?
When Dealing thus in common ſtretches
To theſe ingenious working Wretches,
The cheapeſt way you'll find to Riches,
On this the *Partridges* did Spring,
nd in whole Coveys took the Wing,
s on a Setting-Dog's firſt Sight,
r of ſome Snare's diſturbing Fright.
nce others for *French* Rakes ran Riot,
hey were reſolv'd to bask in Quiet;
ot ſtay to hear the fatal *Fiat*;

Not-

Not caught like Fools, nor made what worſe is,
To their own Ruin ſtalking Horſes;
But ſafe from ſuch incroaching Rants,
Secure their old beloved Haunts.
The *Birds marine*, that came from Sea,
To nat'ral them did ſoon agree;
Didappers, *Wild-Ducks*, *Curlews* ſwimming,
Spake in *Canaries* Favour trimming:
'Our Foreign Traffick they'll advance,
'And may in time tranſport here *France*;
'Encreaſe our Commerce to the *Indies*,
'And to the *South-Seas*, when fair Wind is,
'Or when th' unnat'ral Devil blind is.
Kingſiſhers, *Gulls*, and *Cormorants*,
Their Voices gave in ruder Cants;
Devouring look'd as if they'd ſwallow
Each Native *Bird* that did not allow
Their favorite *Canaries* made,
With Cits of equal Leave for Trade.
From Ships now all the Feather'd Crew
Together for their Merchants flew.
The *Halycon* ſung of happy Days,
And tun'd with calm ſerener Lays,
Eccho'd the grand *Canaries* Praiſe:
But hardeſt Rocks did ſtill reſound,
As if in truth 'twas hollow Ground.
Some *Inland-birds*, freſh-water Fowl,
To hear ſuch Notes, were griev'd at Soul;
But found it was in vain to ſtrive
Againſt the rapid Stream did drive.
The *Chaffinch* tir'd, with eaſy *Chough*,
Did but proteſt, and ſo went off,
Perceiving 'twas a foreign Wile
Might over-ſtock or ſlave this Iſle.
Then *Redſtarts* of the Field of *Mars*,
Lately arriv'd from proſp'rous Wars,
With Talons long, or Beaks or Claws,
Ready to fight for good new Cauſe,

Sto

Stood up for those *Canary-birds*,
In their Defence almost drew Swords:
'We must our just Alliance strengthen,
'This tedious War while longer lengthen,
'Before with Honour we procure
'A lasting Peace, that will endure,
'And *Gallick Hawk* bring to our Lure.
'Now these *Canaries* here no Harm is,
'They'll breed and still recruit our Armies.
'Besides, by granting this Priv'lege,
'We shall some mighty States oblige,
'And gratify great Potentates,
'To help with Conquest on our Fates:
'We shall no doubt by doing thus,
'A Pleasure do to Royal *Pruss*,
'Or make a Friend of pow'rful *Russ*:
'Nor Soldiers want, nor stout Commanders,
'That will Victorious make's in *Flanders*,
'Or force th' aspiring *Vultur* truckle,
'And to our peaceful Temper buckle.
'When *Sax*, *Dane*, *Dutch Birds*, all come o'er,
'We shall *Canaries* have good Store.
A *Wagtail* dabbling near to Pump,
Seem'd for 'em too by bluish Rump;
And as he duck'd his Head, did flatter
Their Friends at Court 'twixt Wind and Water;
So wav'ring thus, for ought was free,
But that of regal Tyranny.
Now busy grumbling *Toms* did cutter,
And of their Country's Hardship mutter;
Blackbirds divine, and stately *Thrushes*,
Softly complain'd in secret Bushes;
The chetty *Wrens* too, and the *Rails*,
Did thoughtful bite their itching Nails:
But greatly over-powr'd with Numbers,
Flew off to roost in careless Slumbers;
The boist'rous Tempest blew so strong,
They could not sing a calmer *Song*.

The *Solan Geese* ſtood gabbling by,
But never ask'd the Reaſon why
They'd nat'ralize ſuch foreign Scum,
Such Fug'tives of exotick Plume?
VVhen we ſhow better *Birds* than *theſe*,
On all our ſhady vocal Trees,
And ev'ry VVood or Hedge affords
Natives compar'd to them as Lords:
But they admire *Cain*'s wand'ring Seed,
Of Couſin *Germans* love the Breed;
Or like our Taverns now call'd Rummers,
New Faces Court, and prize new Comers.
In fine, it went *for* thoſe *Canaries*,
As Time and Fortune moſt Men varies;
For not oppos'd by one in Twenty,
It paſs'd like *Nem'ne* no *dicente*.
Then down the touring *Eagle* came,
That did an awful Silence claim;
A *Bird* of Majeſty ſo lofty,
By Looks ye'd think Inferiors ſcoft ye;
VVith healing VVings of Royal Favour,
And good beyond a Thought; Peace ſave her!
Gracious in Love her ſelf ſhe prided,
And paſt Diſputes at once decided.
'Ye need not fear a laſting Fever,
'*Canaries* here can't live for ever:
'By Pow'r reſerv'd we may repeal,
'For Benefit of Common-weal,
'Or ſtop a further Inundation
'Of Foreigners to drown this *Nation*;
'To damn us up, or make us no Land,
'Like wat'ry Quagmire now call'd *Holland*;
'Not ſink our Fortunes in the Flood
'Of *French* to come, who'll ne'er be good.
'Behold! your noble Patriots
'Have for it given their wiſe Votes!
'And ſince ſo far th' Affair's tranſacted,
'It muſt by Law be now Enacted.

'Be-

Beſides, ye know 'twill ſcare fierce *Kites*,
Keep off invading *Perkinites*;
'Twill make as Pirates bold *Dunkirkers*,
Not dare to peep from Port, like Lurkers.
On ſuch Emergencies of *State*,
Prerogative and Scepter wait,
To write *Utopia* ſafe, good, great.
Canary-Birds thus won the Day,
Were natral'd here by abs'lute Sway;
As ſoon as Cages were ſet ope,
Of Liberty they took vaſt Scope;
Wild, rampant, and imperious grew,
With pow'r thro' this wrōng'd Iſland flew;
Like *Hectors* with inſulting Humph,
O'er poor *Utopians* did triumph;
Of native *Birds* ſuch Havock made,
They did depreciate all their Trade;
And on our *Chaff* or chous'd *Goldfinches*,
To Ells encroach'd from granted Inches.
They throve by under-hand ſly Tricks,
And play'd the Devil on Two Sticks;
In Handy-crafts they did excel,
Not for their Work, but cheating well;
Taking our Houſes o'er our Heads,
The Free-born turning out of Beds;
At eaſy Rates their Pockets filling,
For ſmall Expence of one poor Shilling;
Dubbing the native Cockſcombs Right,
As Bankrupt's Squire, or Errant's Knight:
And thus Sir *John* may ſoon go fight-a,
Or for his Birth-right chuſe to ſh——t-a.
Like Frogs, or Flies, or Lice, and ſo forth,
They did in direful Numbers go forth;
Not as good *Quails* in Mercy given,
Nor *Manna* ſent from gracious Heaven,
The hungry *Iſraelites* to feed,
Or help our Contry-mens great Need;
But rather make us feel more ſmart,
Starve on by *Pharaoh*'s harden'd Heart:
For thoſe *Canaries* not contented,
The Natives farther circumvented;
This Iſle o'er-ſpreading by Command,
They much as *Egypt* plagu'd the *Land*.
Now our *Utopia* without Fable,
Was grown ſo very Charitable,

Canries Palatine did flock,
With Nests and all, t' encreaſe our Stock;
Hither three thouſand came, and more
Diſtreſſed ſtill are coming o'er;
Reform'd *Birds* of all Sorts and Sizes,
Who famous *John* or *Martin* prizes;
Tho' each not half ſo learn'dly wiſe is.
'Gainſt Pow'r of Tyrant-*Hawk* proteſting,
Their Peace and Quiet ſtill moleſting;
Thus perſecuted hither come,
For Shelter from their popiſh Doom.
Theſe *Palatines* ſo being cunning,
For fear of *French* them Over-running,
(As we good Chriſtian *Birds* do ſtile ('um)
Made kind *Utopia* their *Aſylum*.
At this, a quaking *Bird* o'th' Feather
Native, was highly nettl'd whether
We'd nat'ral ſuch vaſt Flocks together;
Or how we'd of 'em ſo diſpoſe,
As not to make inteſtine Woes;
But on the Wing his Ruffl'd Pen
Was quickly ſet to Rights again,
And by advancing his Dominion,
Made the beſt Feather in his 'pinion.
For preſently the higher Pow'rs
Prevail'd, by plying the next Oars;
To ſtop his Mouth they found a Way,
And ſent them to *Sylvania*.
Subjects as nat'ral as live there:
But ſtill the Natives quak'd for fear.
Well! quo' the leſſer Free-born *Birds*
Through all *Utopia*'s Flocks or Herds;
" Let theſe good pious *Palat'nates*,
" And all ſuch ſtrange we know not-whats,
" In their wiſe interloping Freak,
" Go to the Devil's Arſe a-peak:
" Or to Plantations farther haſten,
" Not here their Standards fix nor faſten.
" We've poor enough among our ſelves;
" Need no encroaching foreign Elves,
" Nor ſuch Contrivers for Stock-jobbing,
" T' enhance the Miſeries of poor *Robin*.
" Muſt we *Canaries* all bid welcome,
" That hither do from *France* or Hell come?
" If this *Utopia*'s kind Intend is,
" Of thoſe Intruders there no End is.

FINIS.